

THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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A YEAR'S COMEDY.

Twice April, when the brown birds sing,
And woods with bursting buds are gray;
We met—and watched the face of Spring
Growing more lovely every day.
Before the woods were green, or half
The blue eggs hatched, one sunny morning
We found that we were made to laugh,
You at my love, I at your scorn.
When Summer, with her rose ablaze,
Passed over all the tranced earth,
We found the summery blessing days
Too stately for such trivial mirth;
And ere July had well passed by,
We fell in love with melancholy,
And dreamed that we were made to sigh,
I at my love, you at my folly.
We walked where woods were red and brown,
When Autumn crowned the hills with gold;
And while the leaves came rustling down,
Love's story, once again, was told.
September's sun was bold above
The full earth's fruitful, golden dower;
We knew that we were made to love—
I to love you—and you, your power.
But when, through paths made dead with snow,
By gray-brown lichen-covered trees,
One happy day we chanced to go
Under blue sky and biting breeze,
You slipped—I turned—a hand to give—
A word to kiss—the play was over!
We vowed that we were made to live,
I for my Love—you for your lover.
—E. Nesbit, in *Murray's Magazine*.

REGISTERING LETTERS.

A Process With Which Many People Are Not Familiar.

The Best Way to Send Money—Getting Identified—Provisions for Safety—The Government Will Not Make Losses Good.

A good many people have at some time or other occasion to send money to some other city, and the best means of doing it is often a puzzling question. Business men, of course, transact their business by means of bank drafts, but that is a means not always open to the general public, especially when it is desired to send money in small sums. When your friend has found himself "broke" in a distant city you can send him a remittance by telegraph; but that is an expensive method and will not be resorted to except when the case be an urgent one. You want to send him a ten-dollar bill. You are a man of small means, having no acquaintance at the bank, so you can not send him a draft. Therefore you have either to inclose the bill in a registered letter, get a postal money order, use an express money order, or run the risk of sending the cash by ordinary post. Postal money orders are a safe enough method, but the objection to them is that it is a matter of considerable trouble to get one, for you may have to wait at the post-office half an hour for your turn, and the person to whom you remit the money may have still more trouble to get the order cashed. This is because the regulations established by the Government are rather strict. The payee has to be identified (not an easy matter if he be in a strange city), and he has to answer a lot of questions propounded by the man in the post-office. He must be able to tell who sent the order, and he must sign his name to the receipt exactly as it was written in the application for the original order. This often causes trouble and confusion. So a postal-order does not exactly fill the bill. Express orders many people fancy better than postal orders, because it is easier to procure them and easier to get them cashed. The registered letter, however, affords the best plan of all. It is delivered at its destination by the postal-carriers, and is quite as safe as any other method. In addition, you get a receipt showing that your remittance has been received.

"I would like to have this letter registered, please."
"Well."
The clerk in the registry department takes the letter, finds that there is only a two-cent stamp affixed, and that it is not sealed. The polite clerk hands it back to the woman who gave it to him and tells her to buy and affix a ten-cent stamp, securely seal the letter and then bring it back.
"Don't you want to see the money before it is sealed up?"
"No, madam," he replies; "we are not permitted to know the contents of letters. Is every thing in that letter you want to send?"
"Yes, sir."
"Then seal it."
The woman then goes away, and returns after a time with the letter properly sealed. She may have affixed the required ten-cent stamp (or ten cents in stamps of a smaller denomination, which are just as valid for the purpose); but often the letter is offered to the clerk with the stamp unaffixed. In that case the clerk hands it back and requests the person to stick it on herself.
"Don't I have to pay you ten cents for registering the letter?" the woman asks.
"No; you pay the fee when you put the ten cents in stamps on the envelope."
The letter is once more handed to the clerk, who now satisfies himself that sufficient stamps have been affixed. The rate of postage is the same as on an ordinary letter—two cents for each ounce or fraction of an ounce. Then the clerk asks:
"Who sends this letter?"
"I do, sir."
"Well, I want your name and address across one end or on the back."
"My name and address?" with surprise.

"Yes, your name and address."
"But my name is inside."
"That makes no difference. I must have them on the outside before I can register the letter."
"Will you please write it for me?"
"No, madam; we are not permitted to do it."

Sometimes the clerks relax this rule for an infirm person or a pretty woman who has left her glasses at home. Incidents like the foregoing are of common occurrence in the registry division of the Chicago post-office. Most people who have a letter registered for the first time, and, in many cases, the only time in their lives, do not take the trouble to ascertain in advance the prerequisites of registration. They expect the post-office officials to give them the necessary information. A person who is posted in the rules and complies with them avoids trouble and detention at the post-office. He hands in the letter, and in a few seconds receives a receipt for it. He is expected to take care of this receipt until advised of the safe delivery of the letter. If he has occasion to inquire about the letter he must take his receipt to the post-office, and not, as some stupid persons do, go there and say:
"I registered a letter here a week or ten days ago and have heard nothing from it."

The clerk will be sure to ask for the receipt, so as to make reference to the date of the registration and the registry number in the post-office record. Unless the receipt is produced a search involving considerable trouble is imposed upon the clerk. The people who get impatient about the delivery of a registered letter are generally those who do not know that "safety" is considered before celerity in the transmission of registered mail. Ordinary letters go "straight through," while registered letters have to be receipted for at every point of transfer on their journey, a precaution against loss which causes some delay.

The main purpose of requiring the name and address of the sender on the envelope of a registered letter is to provide for the return of the letter to the sender if it be not delivered within thirty days. The department has repeatedly urged the adoption of this plan with unregistered letters, but outside of commercial circles it is seldom done. To promote the habit of putting the return request on envelopes the department has had printed across the end of some of the stamped envelopes issued by it a line reading, "If not delivered within ten days return to—," but the blank is seldom filled.

When a letter is delivered the receiver must sign a color card accompanying it. This goes back to the sender and apprises him of the receipt of his letter by the person to whom it was sent. Some persons—intelligent ones included—who receive one of these cards will rush to the post-office and, displaying the card, will ask for "that letter." A mild-mannered clerk will ask:

"Have you read what is on that card?"
"No, sir; I have not."
"Well, if you had taken the trouble to read it you would have found that it is the acknowledgment of the receipt of a registered letter sent by you to the person who has signed it. That's his signature."
"O, so it is. I thought it was a notice to call for a registered letter. I beg pardon. Good day."

To insure the delivery of a registered letter to the right person, a rule of the department requires an unknown claimant to be identified before a letter is delivered to him. In cases where there is a doubt a colloquy like the following occurs:

"Is there a letter here for John Smith?"
"Is that your name?"
"Yes, sir."

The clerk then asks from what place the letter is expected and the sender's name. If these questions are satisfactorily answered the clerk will inform Mr. Smith there is a letter for him, but he must prove his identity before it can be delivered.

"Bring somebody here that knows you and that we know."
"How can I know who you know?"
"You can find out by asking. Bring some one who is acquainted with any one in the office."

After further parley Smith goes off muttering, in all probability, but soon returns with a person to identify him and gets his letter, after "signing for it" in the delivery book, and also signing the return receipt.

The Government does not guarantee indemnity for the loss of registered letters. Nevertheless the reliability of the service is demonstrated by the small percentage of losses annually from fire, robbery, etc. This safety is assured by the responsibility attaching to every official or employee who handles registered mail matter. It must be accounted for, if inquiry be instituted, by the production of the transfer receipt. If the delinquent to whom a missing letter or package of letters has been traced can not prove that he had transferred it in a regular way, and if the missing matter can not be found, he may have to make good the loss, and, in all probability, be dismissed from the service. While the department does not indemnify, in case of loss, it brings the power of the Government to bear in systematic efforts to recover any money or articles of value (not destroyed) in the mail, and the instances in which these efforts are not successful, in part at least, are quite rare.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A traveling man—the fond father with a restless heir who declines to sleep at night.—*Marshall Trepeler*.

COURTS IN FRANCE.

How French Judges Frequently browbeat and Anger Prisoners.

A judge presiding over one of the Paris courts was recently removed from his office for two very curious offenses. It appears that after examining a witness for several hours in his court, he invited that witness to dine with him at a neighboring restaurant. Plying him there with wine, the judge put a number of questions to his guest, and, having drawn out of him certain damaging facts, forthwith caused him to be arrested.

His other offense was still more flagrant. He talked through a telephone with a witness, pretending that he (the judge) was one of the persons accused in court, and so led the witness to betray himself and his accused friend. It is no wonder that, after conduct so unbecoming a judge, he was deemed unfit any longer to hold the even scales of justice.

Although this judge was thus rightfully punished, his conduct suggests to us the wide contrast which exists between the French courts of justice and method of legal procedure, and those of the United States and England. The whole system, indeed, is different in the two cases.

Our judges have a distinct and dignified duty to perform, and, as a rule, they maintain, as do the English judges, a lofty and impartial attitude in presiding over trials. They remain, for the most part, silent until they have to decide points of law, or until one of the counsel requires correction. After the arguments have closed, it is their duty to address the jury, explain the points at issue, call for the verdict, and deliver the judgment or sentence.

The French judge, on the other hand, takes constant and active part in the trial itself. He questions not only witnesses, but the prisoner himself, and often subjects the prisoner to a severe and searching cross-examination, trying to trap him into damaging confessions, contradicting him, and even sometimes cracking jokes at the prisoner's expense.

When a witness has made a certain statement, the French judge will turn to the prisoner, and tartly ask him what he has to say to that? A prisoner on trial in a French court, in short, is badgered and worried from the beginning to the end of the case, by both judge and prosecutor. The prosecutor is an official who acts in France as public prosecutor, grand jury and adviser of judge in one.

The fact that in the French courts the judge is one of the active participants in the trials, gives a dramatic color to the proceedings which is usually absent from our own courts. The dialogues between judge and prisoner are watched with keen interest, and often with laughter or applause, by the crowd of spectators; for sometimes judge and prisoner engage in a duel of wit and banter. But, from the American point of view, this method of seeking to find out the truth, and to dispense justice, seems far less effectual—to say nothing of its surprising lack of dignity—than that which prevails in our own courts.

The French judge often browbeats or angers the prisoner into making rash answers, which increase the chance of his conviction, even though he may be really innocent. With us, the prisoner is amply protected in every right of defense. He is supposed to be innocent until he is fully proved by proper and legal evidence, which he is unable to overthrow, to be guilty; whereas in France, the judge often seems to set out with his questioning of the prisoner as if the prisoner were presumed to be guilty, and as if the burden of proof were on him to prove himself innocent.—*Youth's Companion*.

GENOA'S CAMPO SANTO.

A Weird City of the Dead Described by George E. Sims.

Imagine a garden surrounded with noble open galleries lined with magnificent white marble monuments, and all shut in by great sunny green hills, which stand around it like sentinels guarding the silent and sacred camp of the dead. Imagine all this, then put above the roses and the blossoms and the fragrant trees, and the yellow immortelles and the green wreaths and the glorious marble statuary, a blue sky and a bright sun, and you have a faint idea of Genoa's "Holy Field."

But you can not imagine the monuments and the memorial statuary. You must see them, because they are so utterly unlike any thing we have in our cold, prosaic land. In long marble galleries, open to the air and the sun, the monuments at first give the cemetery the appearance of an art exhibition. You imagine you have wandered into a sculpture gallery by mistake; but the wreaths of flowers, with broad silk sashes attached, the swinging lamps, and the memorial tablets undecorated. Each monument has, as it were, an arch of the gallery to itself, and is placed against the back wall. The figures are rarely allegorical. A man in his habit as he lived stands life-size in white marble above his own tomb. A little girl in a short frock, with her lap full of flowers, seems dancing on the column that records her death. Over another beautiful tomb is a family group, life-size. The father is dying. He lies on his death bed and the sculptor has realized every detail of drapery. The wife kneels by the bedside, some of her daughters supporting her. The old mother sits in an easy chair, her eyes raised to Heaven, her lips seeming almost to move in prayer. On the other side of the bed the oldest son stands up and supports one of the daughters, who has utterly broken down. It is a marvelous piece of work. It is the "Last Adieu" realized in marble. It is naturalism and it is art. It is realistic, and so perfect in detail that you would recognize any of that group of mourners if you met them in the street.

Over another tomb, where a husband and wife lie buried together, this old couple sit in two arm chairs, holding each other's hand. On another a man lies dead on his bed, and his young wife reverently raises the sheet and gazes for the last time upon his face. Over another tomb is the statue of a man who lies within. On the steps of the tomb stands his wife, and she holds their little girl in her arms and lifts her up as though to kiss the dead papa. The door of another vault is represented as half open. The husband lies dead inside. The wife knocks at the door and listens for her dear one's voice to call her in.

There are hundreds and hundreds of these beautiful groups in the Campo Santo. What makes them the more extraordinary to the English traveler is that the living and the dead are all habited in modern everyday costume, and no detail is spared to make the groups and single figures triumphs of realism. One remarkable piece of sculpture I have omitted to mention. It is over the tomb of a beautiful Italian lady who died a short time ago. Her bed is represented with a perfection of detail. The lace on the pillow is perfect. The lady is dead, but the angel takes the dead lady's hand and the lady gets out of bed to go with the angel to Heaven. This is the moment depicted by the sculptor. The lady sits on the edge of the bed and the angel points upwards in the direction they are to travel together.

All this is very beautiful, but its intense realism may jar on some. It did on me after a time. I felt that something of the sublimity of death was taken away in the process, and I turned with a little sigh of relief to some of the humbler graves which dotted the sunny garden of fragrant roses that lay so bright and beautiful under the blue Italian sky.—*Genoa Cor. London Referee*.

CLEVER COUNTERFEITS.

Something About the Most Cleverly Executed Raised Note Ever Made.

The United States Secret Service sleuths-hounds have captured and "run in" a raised silver certificate that has been inaccurately described in the papers. At the headquarters of the secret service in the Treasury building the correspondent was shown the spurious curiosity and the true inwardness was told by an official, who said:

"This, which, by the way, is the most cleverly executed raised note ever seen in the department, was seized in the South. The head of Dexter, who was once Secretary of the Treasury, has been cut from a fractional 50-cent piece and pasted over the vignette of Martha Washington. The descriptions hitherto published state that George Washington's vignette was substituted for Martha's, but you see that is a mistake. The figures '50' and the word 'fifty' were also cut from the fractional currency. The figures '50' in the back were taken from canceled revenue stamps." The official then displayed a counterfeit \$20 silver certificate which had been raised from a \$2 certificate. This was not as good a sample of work as the other, but it passes all the same. The figures were cut from a cigar stamp. General Hancock's vignette adorns this elevated currency. The fact is the \$20 silver certificate has not been issued, and it will bear Secretary Manning's vignette when it does come before the public. It is barely ready.

The colored people of the South are generally the victims of the most wretched counterfeiters. The bills used by the students in commercial colleges are frequently passed upon the "man and brother" of the rice and cotton regions, so the service relates.—*Washington Letter*.

Modern Definitions.

An Innovation—A Hotel Serenade.
The Social Whirl—A Hop.
A Fowl Tip—A Rooster's Comb.
The Last Thing in Shoes—The Wearer's Heel.
Cold Daze—A Frigid State.
A Still Hunt—An Internal Revenue Raid.
A Full Hand—A Drunken Employee.
A Hard Lot—A Marble Quarry.
A Dark Secret—A Colored Woman's Age.
Your Rumble-Servant—Thunder.
Out of Tune—The Average Tenor.
Gait Receipts—Horse-Race Winnings.
A Clothes Friend—The Tailor.
Lo Lands—Indian Reservations.
A Bridal Reigo—Henry VIII's.
A Speaking Silence—Conversation between Deaf-Mutes.
A Cheap Garment—A Coat of White-wash.
Much Adieu About Nothing—A Woman's Farewell.
A Shady Set—A Group of Trees.—*W. H. Steiler, in Pack*.
—Mabel—"Lovely day, girls. Where have you been?" Clara and Maud—"We've just come from the matinee. Been to see the new society actress." Mabel—"Was she good? What did she play?" Clara—"O, she played in the worst lot of old dresses you ever saw. And, do you know, she actually wore the same dress through a whole act." Mabel—"Why, how positively scandalous! What was the play?" Maud—"O, I didn't notice. Repertoire, I think the bill said."—*Boston Beacon*.
—When electricity becomes the agent of punishment for crime, the judge's "charge" will have more significance than it does now.

OUR STORE OF COAL.

Enough to Supply the Whole World With Fuel for Ages.

The United States, which have long stood second only to Great Britain in the list of coal-producing countries of the world, must soon rank first. Fifteen years ago the coal production of the United States was only one-third that of Great Britain; it is now about two-thirds, and it is easy to conceive that, with the enormous deposits of the West practically yet untouched, this country will in the distant future not only be able to supply coal to a vast population at home, but will serve as a storehouse to the rest of the world, if the time is ever reached when their coal deposits show signs of exhaustion. A report made to the Geological Survey on this subject by Charles A. Ashburner gives many interesting and valuable facts regarding the present output of coal, and the prospects for future development. The production of Great Britain during 1886 was 157,518,482 long tons, while that of the United States was, including colliery consumption, 112,743,408 short tons, or about one-quarter the total production of the world.

It is a curious fact that while the amount of coal handled in this country during that year showed an increase of 1,784,881 tons over the year before, there was a decrease of \$4,419,920 in the total spot value, a large proportion of the products being sold far under the cost of production and delivery. Yet the larger part of the coal mined in Western Pennsylvania, Mr. Ashburner declares, in spite of a common impression to the contrary, was sold at the mine for more than the cost of production. The discovery of natural gas, which it was supposed might affect the demand for coal, has only served to force it into a wider market. The use of natural gas in Western Pennsylvania alone took the place of 20,000 tons of coal a day during that year, 15,000 of them in Pittsburgh. Yet the bituminous mines of the State made a larger output than ever before, the superior quality of the coal giving it the preference in distant markets over local coals, and so making up for the falling off in the home demand.

The Pennsylvania output is nearly two-thirds that of the entire Union. Excluding colliery consumption, the total output for 1886 was 107,682,209 short tons; of this Pennsylvania furnished 62,857,210 tons, 36,696,475 anthracite and 26,160,735 bituminous. Next to Pennsylvania comes Illinois with 9,246,455 tons, and Ohio with 8,428,211; Iowa and West Virginia are about on a level, with something over 4,000,000 tons each. After Indiana with 3,000,000 and Maryland with 2,517,577 tons, no State produced as much as 2,000,000 tons. It is worthy of note as showing that we are still in the mere infancy of our coal production, that only 8,272,501 short tons were produced during 1886 in what is called the Western coal field, stretching from the Mississippi to the Rocky mountains, the best of it, by the way, being mined in the Indian Territory; yet the coal area there is greater than that of any other coal field in the United States. The coals are of great variety, and underlie a fertile agricultural country destined in time to bear an enormous population. Its rapid increase must necessarily stimulate the development of local mines. The suffering of this winter in various parts of the West for lack of coal ought to be and undoubtedly will lead to the opening of mines nearer home than the present sources. The fact that Colorado produced in 1886 1,368,338 tons and Kansas 1,400,000, Wyoming 829,355 and Indian Territory 584,580, shows that considerable progress has been made already in this direction, though these figures can only be regarded as the faintest foreshadowing of what the product of the Western coal field will be one of these days. As for the Rocky mountain region, with its enormous deposits, the geologists have done nothing more than guess at the area in which workable coal beds will be found, and their surmise is somewhere beyond 200,000 and 300,000 square miles.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The Use of Crying.

A French physician contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy in a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotion. If people are unhappy about any thing, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo and they will feel one hundred per cent. better afterward. In accordance with this the crying of children should not be so greatly discouraged. What is natural is nearly always useful.—*Farm and Household*.
—"I wouldn't cut that tree down if I were you," said a visitor to a Highland township farmer who was about to chop down a large oak. "Remember that after you fall it you can't replace it." "Can't I?" replied the farmer. "You don't know. After I chop it down, what is to prevent me chopping it up?"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.
—"I met Mr. Smith in a shabby coat this morning. He has not failed, has he?" "Oh, no, he only found that coat to go to the Auctioneer's office to give in his property for auction."—*Times-Signals*.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

There can be no first-class or paying animals without good food and care.
Farming can be improved until farmers improve themselves, so they can cope with deteriorated soil and depreciated prices.
All young animals quickly learn to eat ground oats, and there is no ground grain better for them. They will grow and thrive upon oats even when drawing milk from the dams.
Some men look at the sky only to forecast the weather, see more beauty in a dollar than in a bed of flowers, and will bear the crow in a cornfield quicker than the lark in the air.
The secret of frying small fish crisp and brown, without either egg or bread crumbs, is to dry it well, flour both sides (do not be niggardly with the Indian meal) and plunge it into plenty of boiling fat. Be sure the fat is boiling, and plenty of it, as upon that depends the crispness and brownness of the fish.
Early cabbages should be hoed or cultivated every ten days, or after every rain, to keep the land mellow around them until the leaves spread so as to stop this. They will need one or two hoeings after the cultivator stops. There is no crop that responds so quickly to thorough till and heavily manuring as cabbages.
Stewed Raisins.—Take one pound of best raisins, pick them free from stalks; cover in a dish with cold water, steep all night; put them in a stew pan and bring the water to a boiling point, then simmer until the skins are quite tender; turn into a dish to cool, and they are ready for use. This, with bread, is an excellent dish for persons of weak digestion or for invalids.
The farmer should remember that the fodder he has accumulated represents money. It is capital, and it should not go to waste. What would be thought of a merchant who flung his goods out into the mud or had them worked over fine and then ran them off in a creek? The farmer does both when he feeds his animals in the yard and allows the manure to wash away.
To Bake a Leg of Mutton.—Take a leg of mutton weighing six or eight pounds; have the bone removed, and fill the cavity with a dressing made of four ounces of suet, two eggs, two ounces of chopped ham, six ounces of stale bread, one onion, a little sweet marjoram, nutmeg, salt and pepper; sew up, lay in a pan, add a teacup of water, and put in a hot oven; baste frequently and cook three hours.
It is a verdict of science that "eggs contain every element which is necessary to the support of man;" also, that "they are the best nutriment for children, for, in a compact form, they contain every thing that is necessary for the growth of the youthful frame." Furthermore, "eggs are valuable ingredients of salves and medical preparations, and are an antidote to poison, notably corrosive sublimate."

HORSES FOR FARMERS.

Why They Should Raise None But Really Desirable Animals.

The question with farmers towards spring is, what sort of colts they will find it most profitable to raise. This depends to a great extent on the ability and taste of the farmer. The majority of the farmers have not the skill and judgment required to break and drive high-spirited young horses, and if they undertake to do it are almost sure to meet with accidents that greatly impair the value of the colt. Such farmers will find it more advantageous and less dangerous to raise colts of the draft breeds, as these are more sluggish and much more easily handled to the age when they can be sold, and if they are sound and well developed they will be in good demand.

There are some farmers who have a taste for good horses suitable for use on the road and for fine carriage teams. For superior horses of these classes there is a market at prices that return a good profit to the breeder. There are many who breed a poor class of mares to inferior stallions with the natural result that they never have any thing for sale that is wanted for any but the most ordinary uses, and of this kind of horses the market is always overstocked. There are a great many partly worn-out horses, more or less unsound, that having served their best days as driving horses are sold for what they will bring, and the inferior stock raised by the farmer as mentioned, when marketed, comes in competition with this class and must be sold at low prices.

If farmers would dispose of their inferior mares and keep a smaller number of good ones, they would find the result much more profitable. With any kind of farm stock it pays to raise the best, and especially is this the case with horses where there is a wide range of prices depending on the individual merits of the animal, and to a considerable extent on the skill with which he has been handled.

Then, too, in deciding this question the farmer should be governed by the character of the mares he proposes to use for breeding purposes, and select such stallions as are best suited for them. Too many let the fee charged settle the question, not considering that the increased value of the colt may easily be much more than the amount of the fee. It is a most shortsighted policy to patronize an inferior stallion because the expense of doing this is a few dollars less. Far better breed a smaller number of mares and raise fewer colts. The care, trouble and expense will be less, and the result in every way more satisfactory.—*National Live-Stock Journal*.